

It's ok, Toothless

by oxlxixvxixa

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Summary: 'Then Astrid broke away. Wiping her eyes, she made to stand up, but a desperate warble from Toothless made her pause. She turned back, and a tail whipped around her waist, dragging her to sit beside him. His eyes closed contentedly as he rested his head in her lap.' Astrid/Toothless friendship. On the way back from the battle with the Red Death. Rated T for... Something.

It's ok, Toothless

Hiccup was taken away with Stoic. It was as if the chief, in his worry for his son, had completely forgotten about the beast that saved Hiccup's life.

Astrid was not so quick to forget. Kneeling down beside the unconscious dragon, she lifted up a wing again.

Several burns ran down the inside of it. After all, she mused, dragon bodies could only stand so much heat.

A few bloody cuts covered his body, and the tail was one big mass of burns and blood.

"Oh Toothless," Astrid gasped. This dragon had risked everything for Hiccup. It brought tears to her eyes.

Snotlout and the others dragged Gobber over. The man frowned, calling over a few Vikings.

"We'll need somethin' to get 'im on the boat," he told them.

Spitelout, Snotlout's father, shrugged. "Why don't we leave him here?" Astrid glared up at him.

"He risked his life for Hiccup. We are taking him back." She looked

at Gobber for assurance.

Gobber nodded. "Aye. O' course we're taking him back."

Spitelout looked uncomfortable, but the other four Viking seemed not too bothered as they all lifted a certain part of the unconscious dragon, dragging him with as much gentleness as a Viking has to the boat that had survived.

"Hey! Wait up!" Astrid ran after them. She found herself blocked from view as she strained to get to Toothless.

The Vikings set him down on the corner of the boat. Astrid knelt down beside Toothless, stroking his hot head.

"We need some healers," she shouted to them. The Vikings shrugged, before Valdwew stepped up.

"We don't have any healers," she informed Astrid. "Jus' some healing items."

Astrid perked up. "I can help! Give me the healing items!"

Valdwew looked doubtful, but passed over the bag of supplies. Astrid grimaced when she saw how little "soothing paste, and a little antiseptic.

She took them anyway, returning to the Night Fury.

Rubbing it in a wound, she took the time to examine the face of Toothless.

It was extraordinary, really, she pondered. Never before had she seen such a magnificent, yet terrifying face. In his deep state of sleep, Toothless looked harmless: a mere puppy.

Astrid gently reached out and touched the dragon's face; in response he rumbled and his eye slid open.

Jumping back, Astrid stammered. "Uh " I " So- ple- um- Are you ok?"

Toothless growled. He raised his head slightly, looking over his back. He raised a wing, then shrieked in panic. He tried to get up, but the metal hoops that had burned into his shoulders prevented him from doing so.

"Hey! Hey!" Astrid, acting purely on reflexes and instinct, put her hands on his muzzle and pushed him back down. Toothless growled, as if saying, 'What have you done?' and shook her off, looking around the room frantically.

"Do you want Hiccup?" Astrid murmured. Toothless whined, a sound that was no longer angry or accusing, but sad and scared.

"Hey- hey," Astrid reached out her hands, but pulled back as Toothless flinched, a little snarl twisting his lip upwards.

"Toothless, I'm not gonna hurt you." Toothless looked at her, not

saying anything but observing her with those emotionless green eyes. "Thereâ€¦ is one thing," she added carefully. He stayed silent, carefully examining her. It unnerved her, since she couldn't see his emotions or what he was thinking. "Hiccup's legâ€¦ bite marks were on it," she whispered. "Did you?"

Suddenly a loud wail ripped through Toothless's throat. He pushed his head into her stomach, and suddenly his eyes were full of emotions, brimming to the top of them. As she watched the scales around his eyes got wet, which was probably about the closest a dragon got to crying.

Astrid was speechless as the dragon started shaking, his head hidden in her lap. "H-hey." Timidly she reached out her hand and touched Toothless's head. The dragon looked up at her, his eyes begging forgiveness.

She suddenly wrapped her arms around his head, a sob shaking her body.

Toothless tensed, then completely relaxed. He nuzzled up against her ear, resting his chin on her shoulder. For a moment they were the same, dragon and girl, girl and dragon, sharing one grief, one trouble, as one.

Then Astrid broke away. Wiping her eyes, she made to stand up, but a desperate warble from Toothless made her pause. She turned back, and a tail whipped around her waist, dragging her to sit beside him. His eyes closed contentedly as he rested his head in her lap.

She sat there, stunned. Not for long, since the warmth of the wounded dragon made her tired. Resting back, she placed a small hand on his head.

Soon the warmth of the dragon had lulled her to sleep.

Waking up, she felt a slight tremor on her back. Confused, she twisted her aching neck to see what was going on.

Her heart stopped. She was looking at a metal ring that had dug into Toothless's skin so badly she could literally SEE the bloody, infected flesh.

She shook the head in her lap. Toothless yawned, opening one eye and gazing up at her.

"Toothless. We need to get help for your shoulders."

The dragon's eyes looked dangerously human - confused, scared, she was almost surprised when he didn't speak back.

He twisted his head to check them out, sniffed them, and yelped, shuddering at the obviously fowl stench.

"Stay here, Toothless. I'll be right back."

Toothless reluctantly let her go, and she ran down the ship towards where she thought Gobber would be.

Yep. There he was. Next to the Mead barrel.

"Gobber!" she gasped, grabbing his good arm to steady herself.

"Lass, I'm a wee bit busy now, come back la'er," Gobber mumbled. Astrid nearly screamed. Taking a deep breath, she tugged at his arm.

"I-it's Toothless. He's badly hurt - I think the seawater might have shrunk the metal bands. They're cutting into his skin."

Gobber sighed, screwing the Mead cup off his changeable hands.

"Come o', then, lass." He started hobbling down the corridor, yelling for his bag of hands.

Bucket put the heavy bag down at the Meathead's feet, who grunted his thanks and grabbed the vaguely humanoid hand shape, screwing it on and hobbling on, leaving Mulch to direct a very confused Bucket how to pick the bag up without breaking his back.

"Right." Gobber rubbed his hand and kind-of-hand together. "What've we got 'ere?"

Astrid showed him the rings, and the cut open flesh. Gobber winced, setting his hand on the rings. Toothless flinched, a snarl erupting from the back of his throat.

Gobber glared at the dragon. "Ah, shut it, ya beast."

Toothless gave a tiny snort of what seemed amusement and respect. He turned his head away as Gobber used another of his many hands to cut the metal in half.

Then he instructed Astrid to hold down Toothless's head, and she lay on top of it, whispering, "Sorry, Toothless."

Gobber quickly pulled away the rings, and Toothless screeched, collapsing under Astrid and scrabbling against the floor.

Then he quieted and Gobber applied some soothing paste.

Astrid carefully got off him, muscles aching from holding down something so powerful for so long.

Toothless curled up, closed his eyes, and tried to get to sleep.

"I'll see you later, Toothless," Astrid said. She walked out, knowing exactly where she was going now.

Hiccup lay twisted in his bed sheets. His face was creased, showing that he was feeling pain even in deep sleep.

"Hey Hiccup," Astrid murmured. She smoothed a piece of hair from his sweaty forehead, before mentally slapping it back. She was behaving way too soft for her taste. What happened to Astrid: tough, brave, emotionless?

Gazing down at the unconscious boy, she thought she knew the answer.

She loved him. It was almost painful thinking it, but she thought it properly and blunt; she was known for never sugar-coating anything. And Toothless: he was a magical creature. You could literally _see _how much Hiccup and Toothless loved each other. It was terrifying - after all, she had never dug this deep before - to actually listen to her herye, not her head.

"Oh, Hiccup," she sighed, pulling up a chair to sit beside his bed. "What have you done to us all?"

She sat there, mulling over the conclusion she had come to. It was not until sun started sinking into the waters she realised she should be checking on Toothless.

Standing up, she pressed her lips to Hiccup's cold sweaty forehead. "I'll look after Toothless until you wake up. Promise," she whispered against his head. She almost ran from the room, a huge smile breaking over her face.

Pausing, she checked over on Toothless. She was astonished to realise that his injuries were mostly healed, only a scrape or so was covering him.

She knelt down and patted Toothless gently on the head. His eyes shot open and he let out a quiet moan.

"What's wrong, Toothless?" she asked.

Toothless grabbed her with his front paws, dragging her to him and curling his wings around her.

Astrid, once again, was rendered speechless. This dragon really was hard to schedule.

She heard a sound: Ba-boom, Ba-boom. Toothless's heart was beating so fast she could hardly make out the different beats.

He was scared. It dawned on her. He was terrified of losing someone else. Of failing.

She finally understood him. She got Toothless.

She saw his eyes gleam down at her as she came to terms with his mind.

A sob of despair ripped through her body, and suddenly she was wrapping her arms around his neck.

He tensed. Toothless obviously had no way how to react to this, but reacted purely on instinct. He ducked his head around her shoulders, and for a second he felt safe.

Astrid helped Toothless on that journey back; she helped him realise who he could really be. Who he was.

And he could never thank her enough for it.

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